

## The Critic

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### "Intensity" in Fiction

ABOUT a year ago a poem appeared, by one of that *coterie* of Southern authors which North and South have vied in honoring. It was a long poem, of one hundred and eighty-two lines, and it was intended to express a great deal of intensity; the agonized feelings of a gentleman who had lost his wife. 'What do you think of it?' asked another of the *coterie*, of a friend in New York. 'I think it is mere library passion,' was the reply. 'It overdoes the thing. To my mind, it is not powerful at all. It reminds me of the rustic's criticism of an operatic performance: "Imagine a girl in that state of mind stopping to trill!" Conceive, if you can, of a man in an agony sitting down to compose thirteen carefully moulded sonnets.' 'But you forget that we Southerners feel so much more intensely than you at the North.' 'Excuse me, but that I deny. I claim that Northerners feel more intensely than Southerners, and when they choose to, can express their feelings more intensely, too. They don't rave, I grant you; but they affect you more powerfully by what they *don't* say. If you doubt it, read that.'

He handed her Edith Thomas's poem, 'A Quiet Pilgrim,' which happened to have been just issued. 'It is strong,' acknowledged the lady, as she laid it down. 'Strong! I should think so. There are only thirty-two lines of it, but by its very quietness it expresses, or rather represses, more intensity of suffering than any other poem I know of. Note, too, that you are not even told what the agony was. You are not given a hint as to whether a man has lost his wife, a wife her husband, a mother her child, or a lover his sweetheart; or whether the sufferer has received his own death-warrant, or perhaps learned that a son is in disgrace. What is more, you don't want to know. You feel yourself in the presence of a sorrow so profound as not to excite curiosity. Someone is suffering terribly, and at the same time smiling at you silently and sweetly; and you take off your hat and bow your head, and feel how fruitless, how impertinent any attempt at consolation would be. You remember that other line of the same poet's about the woods in autumn:

"How cold a touch hath set the woods on fire!"

This is the reverse of it; you feel

How wild a flame hath turned this heart to stone!

'One author has turned the dictionary upside down for adjectives and exclamations; the other has left almost everything unsaid. But the Northern reserve expresses more, and means more, than the so-called Southern intensity. You will have to acknowledge it, with both poems before you.'

A few days later, I happened to witness a second combat between Northern and Southern temperament. Still another of the Southern *coterie*, meeting for the first time a Northern writer with whom he had had some correspondence, remarked: 'I was very curious to see you; for I could not tell anything about you from your letters. Of course, I saw that you were strong; but I was not sure that you were sympathetic.' 'Why not?' asked the lady, somewhat amused, as much of the correspondence had been of a nature to show her complete sacrifice of self to matters entirely outside her

own experience or interests. 'Why, because you never said anything but just enough,' was the naive reply. Did 'saying only just enough' mean perforce a lack of intensity, of interest? or did it mean that the nature was too affluent to be absorbed in something momentary, too full of wide and varied interests to narrow its expression into a single channel? This much may be conceded at once: if Northern austerity means poverty of feeling, if its lack of expression means lack of impression, then indeed the palm is to the South. Better feel too much than too little. 'We object less,' wrote George Eliot, 'to being taxed with the enslaving excess of our passions than with our deficiency in wider passion.' Better say more than enough rather than less than enough; but is it not barely possible that a golden mean of saying just enough may be consistent with meaning and feeling all that the most ardent could desire?

A striking study of what Northern austerity may really mean has been made in Mrs. Stoddard's novel of 'Two Men.' In her characters of Sarah and Jasper, austerity runs riot—if we may be pardoned the paradox. Nothing could be colder, calmer, more self-contained, than both of these souls. To be sure it is rue with a difference: Sarah's coldness is that of a reserve forced upon her nature by the iron bands of temperament, of which no one is more conscious than herself, and against which she would fain struggle to express her truer self. But she struggles in vain: a dominant temperament, warped by disappointment to a twisted hardness hardest of all for herself to bear, keeps her outwardly cold when she is torn within. With Jasper we have the austerity, not of a warped temperament, but of a powerful nature able to control itself. Here is reserve, not forced upon a nature struggling to resist it, but triumphantly won in the effort to master feeling. And yet, under the outward calm of both these natures, what volcanic depths of feeling! Their very surname of 'Auster' seems typical less of austerity than of the Southern breath of passionate feeling under the coldness. I know of nothing finer in fiction, as an unconscious revelation of the depths beneath Northern apathy of expression, than the way in which Sarah takes the knowledge of her son's sin. Her love is powerful enough to forgive him, but the sense that he needs forgiveness kills her. Hot, Southern, 'intense' feeling may drive an ardent temperament into sin; but the cold, apathetic Northern temperament is capable of being killed by the mere sense of sin. If it comes to a battle between 'intensities,' which, think you, should carry the day for strength and depth? Had Sarah been unable to forgive her boy, the point would have been lost: her ability to suffer would have been purely the narrowness of a single point of view. But loving enough to forgive, she could at the same time suffer enough to die.

The cold-blooded forms of intensity are easily enough recognized as forms of narrowness. Take, for instance, Catherine Leyburn, of 'Robert Elsmere': here is bigoted narrowness of a type so abnormal as to be well-nigh impossible. Catharine can see, can feel, nothing but 'duty'; and she 'makes for' that with all the intensity of a bigot. We call it 'narrowness,' saving the adjective 'intense,' which we all wish to deserve, for something warmer, more attractive. Yet it is probable that the more fiery form of intensity which, even if we blame it, we are wont to think springs from exuberance of nature, is also the result of too poor a soil, rather than the opulence of too rich a one. Here, again, we may find the best expression of what we want to say in George Eliot. After the sentence already quoted ('we object less to being taxed with the enslaving excess of our passions, than with our deficiency in wider passion'), she adds, with equal clearness of vision, 'but if the truth were known, our reputed intensity is often the dulness of not knowing what else to do with ourselves.' No better illustration of the force in this apparently careless observation could be given, than the case of the two unfortunate young people in a recent much-criticised story. We are permitted to see the absurdities of Barbara Pomfret and Jock

Deering, but it is evident that we are expected to forgive them, because, poor things! they could not help their 'intensity' of nature. But it was not intensity; it was narrowness. They felt as they did, not because they felt so much, but because they felt so little else. They behaved as they did, not because they chose to, but because literally they had nothing else to do. They do not feel and know things more deeply than the rest of us; only the rest of us happen to feel and know some other things besides. It is we who are intense; they are simply narrow. Opulence of nature in one direction is as limited as bigotry.

Outside of the absolute virtues, the most attractive quality is that expressed in the word *simpatica*. We never translate it; 'sympathetic' means much less. The sympathetic person is able to pity what he does not himself feel; but the person who is *simpatica* feels the thing he is called upon to pity. For the time being he is himself the sufferer; he understands you, because for the moment he *is* you. It is the quality which most lends kindness, tact and grace; but to possess it, you must have less ostensible intensity, and more of the divine gift of changing easily from one emotion to another, of seeing every side of a subject, of sympathizing with what may be wrong vision in itself, of feeling keenly many things.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

### Reviews

#### The Wagner-Liszt Correspondence \*

THERE is much in the correspondence of Wagner and Liszt that recalls the circumstances under which the famous correspondence between Goethe and Schiller grew up. Originally a slight hostility in both, it gradually changed, ripened, quickened into friendship, then intimacy, then idolatry. Wagner and Liszt didn't rush into each other's arms at first, any more than Goethe and Schiller did. It is entertaining to watch the changing forms of greetings in these letters as they range from 'Sir,' 'Dear Sir,' 'Esteemed Sir,' through 'Dear Friend,' 'Best of Friends,' etc., to 'Dearest, best Franz' and the most fervent formulæ of a sentimental German correspondence. No lovers could, ultimately, carry on a more impassioned interchange of thought and idea than these ideal musicians, one the greatest artist, the other the greatest dramatist of his age. Liszt, it may be said, understood, appreciated, loved Wagner from the beginning. Wagner, on the other hand, was coy, suspicious, discouraged, egotistical: nobody understood, appreciated, or loved him, he thought. But how soon, under the beaming geniality of Liszt's enthusiasm he outgrew these ranklings, any one can see who even skims this correspondence or touches it with the most antennæ like reserve. From the year 1849, when Wagner became a political fugitive in Switzerland and Liszt settled down to his wonderful *bdton* as *Kapellmeister* at Weimar, to 1861, when the letters break off, notes and replies fly between them like a weaver's shuttle; Wagner quickly throws off all reserve, and soon the friends (knowing each other since 1842, when they met in Paris) became entangled in each other's lives as men of supreme genius so seldom do.

Wagner, indeed, began by ridiculing Liszt's fantasticality and weirdness: he declared that the pianist, were he called to an audience of angels, would improvise on the devil! But soon the tone changes. Liszt had seen wondrous possibilities in 'Rienzi,' the 'Fliegende Holländer,' and 'Tannhäuser': he communicated his thought to his down-hearted friend, and Wagner became all devotion and tenderness. The service which his *alter ego*,—for so Liszt became,—rendered to the composer by reproducing 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' at Weimar, was priceless; for Wagner was perpetually in debt, perpetually begging for money; and the notice which the pianist brought him into literally saved him from starvation while stimulating him to higher and higher performance. Wagner's young brain was teeming with ideas

which only Liszt could reproduce in ravishing tone-poems on the piano, for the composer, while understanding every instrument, could play effectively on none. He was in the position of Beethoven after he had gone stone-deaf: creating divine harmonies, and fingering them over on a dumb piano. In Liszt's hands, under his magical interpretations, the whole spirit of the Middle Ages frolicked forth: all its music, mysticism, legendary lore, sublime architectural creations, delicate and grotesque detail, passion, longing,—came to life. Again, it is to Liszt that we owe the great 'Ring des Nibelungen' series. He first suggested to Wagner to write an opera on the subject of 'Siegfried,' and this suggestion Wagner, in 1851, began to expand into the mighty epic which it now takes a special theatre, a small world of singers and actors, and a period of four days to represent fully. The Bayreuth Festival is one of the fruits of Liszt's suggestion. Nobody but Wagner could take this glorious poem and work out of it all the musical yearnings and intuitions, dreams and hopes of the German race,—work it through and through with music as with fibres and filaments of gold, kindle its dead moss into living sparks, and make it glow with the pageantry of earlier centuries. Wagner started to work on the poem-libretto and finished it in 1853. Then came the 'Rheingold' in 1854, the 'Valkyrie' in 1856, 'Siegfried' in 1869, and 'The Twilight of the Gods' close on the 'twilight' which overtook the great master himself at Venice, later on.

All this time, more or less, Wagner was shrivelling away under petty vexations, lack of money, distress of heart, melancholia, and Liszt's *bdton* was the fairy wand that recalled the sunshine, turned common things into gold, and threw an electric beam through the dark chambers of ill-health and despondency. The literary biographies of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Beethoven all show that they were often miserable: Wagner keeps company with the 'noble army of martyrs.' He rages against Philistinism all through these letters; against political miseries, heartlessness, dilettanteism; and he was lonely and miserable in London as well as in Paris. In 1860 'Tannhäuser' was accepted by the French, but it was not performed because M. Royer insisted on a big ballet in the second act. He cries out against London with the howlings of Boanerges and heaps upon it a Babylonian profusion of epithets. He had no 'common-sense,' or 'horse-sense' either, and the wonder is how a man who wrote and published 'Tristan' as a bread-and-butter-bringer kept from actual starvation. Still he wrought on, and out of the dross of his life built up the shining Aladdin's palace we all know of. Incidentally he throws valuable light on his music-drama theories in his outpourings to Liszt, while simultaneously we get acquainted with a nature all quivering with passion and intelligence, like some exquisite winged thing's. There is no phlegm in this soul of fire: all is buoyant, light, gaseous, inflammable as hydrogen, shot through and through with dazzling gleams. We had been accustomed to think Wagner phlegmatic, but in this admirable translation we find him ardent, high-strung, poetic, tender, with great glowing spots in his nature like the 'eyes' in a moth's wings: he is, all over, nerves, emotions, shiverings; of the kind of some noble Arabian horse that quivers in flank and eye if you speak to him. We are thankful to the accomplished historian of the troubadours for this notable book.

#### "The Hidden Way" \*

THIS is a substantial volume of some 600 pages. One page (as is usual in books) is given to the title; but the title is not a usual one. In full it reads:—'The Hidden Way Across the Threshold, Or the Mystery Which Hath Been Hidden for Ages and from Generations. An explanation of the concealed forces in every man to open the Temple of the Soul, and to learn The Guidance of the Unseen Hand.'

\* Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt. Translated into English by Franz Hueffer. 2 vols. \$5. New York: Scribner & Wellford.

\* The Hidden Way across the Threshold. By J. C. Street, A.B.N. \$3.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.



Illustrated and made plain with as few occult phrases as possible. By J. C. Street, A.B.N. Fellow of the Order S.S.S., and of the Brotherhood Z.Z.R.R.Z.Z. "Neither height nor depth can measure the possibilities of the human soul." Just above this motto is a figure consisting of two interwoven triangles, surrounded by a circle with some symbolic devices; above this are the words 'All Things Come From Within,' and beneath, the letters 'S.S.S.' The title has been given at length, because it is easier to copy and describe it than it is to analyze the book. This contains, after the title-page and preface, eighteen chapters and eight or ten mystic and symbolic illustrations. It is a strange combination of spiritual rhapsody and theosophic materialism; there is much in it which breathes a high and fine moral tone, and even exalted religious sentiment, but, mingled with this, much of crude and prosaic mysticism. The better parts we read with sympathy and some elevation of spirit, although with a sense often of vagueness and of an unhealthy rarification of the air; at the more earthy and symbolic parts we can only laugh. When the two combine, as happens not infrequently, the result is as astounding, at first, and soon as monotonous and dreary as the visions of Emanuel Swedenborg. We open at random, and read: 'Everything that exists upon the earth has its ethereal counterpart above the earth, and there is nothing, however insignificant it may appear in the world, which is not depending on something higher; therefore, if the lower part acts, its presiding higher part reacts by impulse in reverberation upon it.' 'The male emotion in man is the fire principle of things, which is life, and it is *Love that feeds the fire-body*, in which death and destruction have no part.' 'The Perfected Soul can, by Spiritual octaves of vibration, produce and dwell in any kind of body it chooses. By simply Spiritualizing matter, it can become objective and visible to the natural eye, and can dissolve itself again at will, returning into the subjective, invisible world. These are but toys of true Adeptship.' The unregenerate would term this, and vastly more of the same sort, bosh. But sentences and whole passages could be selected which breathe a noble ethical spirit, and use—whether in the natural, or some 'occult' sense—the language of a deep piety. The whole is a strange conglomerate, with little connection or order in thought,—sometimes falling into a jargon wholly unintelligible except, we suppose, to a 'Pilgrim of Light,' and Fellows 'of the order S.S.S., and of the Brotherhood Z.Z.R.R.Z.Z.'

#### Missouri: A Bone of Contention \*

WE WERE aware that most of the States of the Union had their nicknames, more or less complimentary, but to name Missouri 'a bone of contention' is a stroke of wit. It does, however, rightly describe the Missouri of the past, and vividly writes in a phrase her political history. Until the triumph of the Union armies and the close of the Civil War, Missouri was in the jaws of the watch-dogs of slavery and freedom. In war or in peace, the subject of legislative compromise or of military struggle, Missouri was an uncertain factor. Now, after twenty-five years of national peace, her history may be calmly and impartially written. Indeed, the task has been done, and well-done, and the author, Lucien Carr of Harvard, may be congratulated upon his work, which is strong, unimpassioned, scholarly, and as impressed with the firm touch which comes of local knowledge as are the imprinted rocks in the cabinets at Cambridge. Long familiarity with the wealth of archæology in the Peabody Museum seems to have given him the power of comparison and generalization in the evolution of a commonwealth, while thorough acquaintance with living men enables him to blend the results of the study and the field in pleasing literary form. Five of his seventeen chapters give a luminous picture of the early French and Spanish discoveries and domination. Then follow three chapters treating of the

Territory, the compromise, and the admission into the Union of this State named after the great river which flows through it. In his treatment of the period from 1844 to 1861, as well as that of war time, some readers may charge Mr. Carr with unduly favoring the Southern and even Confederate view; but to people living this side of the now-vanished Mason and Dixon's line, this is doubtless a benefit; for only when Northern people are able to 'put themselves in the place' of Southerners and see with Southern eyes, can they be sure that they have achieved that impartiality which is essential to the writing of final history. He shows that the Missourians were neither secessionists nor slavery propagandists. He both criticises and justifies the action of the second convention which, in the uncertain hours when other States were seceding and Missouri's Governor had been driven into exile, organized a provisional government, and thus saved Missouri from 'the pit of political degradation into which the States in rebellion were sunk during the period of reconstruction.' Mr. Carr practically and almost abruptly ends his history at the close of the War, believing that the career of Missouri as a bone of contention ended with the abolition of slavery. The fifty years' struggle was over, the State recovered rapidly from the wounds of the Civil War, wealth increased wonderfully, and the Negro was liberally dealt with in most if not all points relating to citizenship. Taken as a whole, this book, with its sustained interest, high average literary merit, and thorough treatment of the voluminous facts, fully justifies its place in the series of 'histories of such States as have exercised a positive influence in the shaping of the national Government, or have had a striking political . . . history.' Like the others, it has a good map and index.

#### Gov. Chamberlain in South Carolina \*

THERE will doubtless come a time when the 'reconstruction period' following the War of Secession will claim the attention of the student and the general reader. So far, it may be said, this period of American history seems to have been overshadowed by the more striking and dramatic incidents of military strategy and bloody battle. As a rule, only the newspaper editor, and those personally interested, have paid much attention to the less agreeable details of civil conflict. The subject, however, cannot be ignored by the historian; and as valuable as the recent contributions of military men, are the records put in order by those who were witnesses of and actors in the reconstruction era. Of marked value, in this particular, is the volume compiled and edited by Walter Allen, entitled 'Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina: a Chapter of Reconstruction in the Southern States.' It is a good specimen of the book-maker's art, of octavo size, containing 544 pages, with a portrait of Governor Chamberlain, and a first-rate index. As it is not within our province to express political opinions, but only to pass literary judgments, we refrain from any criticisms of white or black men, rifle clubs or colored militia, 'carpet-baggers' or men of culture, President Hayes or Gen. Wade Hampton. The book is a repertory of political documents, speeches, newspaper comments, and other contemporaneous printed material, which the editor seems to have presented with a desire to be impartial. He has also supplied enough matter in the form of narrative to serve as hooks and eyes to hold the material coherently together, and make a literary unity. Possibly it would have been even better to have toned down his flattering statements, or even to have omitted entirely all praise of his subject. As time deepens the perspective of history, it will be found that only those records of our recent national struggle for life will stand in the clear foreground, which are least mixed with opinions. The future generation will demand the uncolored witness of truth more than personal bias. However readers in New England or in South Carolina may at present appraise Mr.

\* Missouri. By Lucien Carr. \$1.25. (American Commonwealths.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina. By Walter Allen. \$3. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Allen's book, it is certainly a very creditable literary performance, and will take high rank in the literature of the reconstruction period.

#### Mr. Gosse's Life of Congreve \*

THE LONG REACH in English literature from Elizabeth to Anne has not proved particularly attractive to the students of the Victorian age. The glorious circle of lights which revolved around the Virgin Queen, and the flames which leaped to such brilliant heights at the dawning of the present century, have dazzled the eyes of our scholars and critics and prevented their peering very closely into the duskiness which lies between. A reaction has been for some time setting in, however, and the half-forgotten favorites of the so-called restoration and artificial schools are, in the new adjustment of perspective, falling into their proper places. Among the foremost of the reactionaries stands Edmund Gosse, who in his *Life of Congreve* has added another valuable contribution to his Seventeenth Century studies. Whatever may be said of this, his latest work, it cannot be called superfluous; for till now no biography of Dryden's favorite that can be dignified with the name has been written. True, he has a place in the *Valhalla* of Ben Jonson; Macaulay and Thackeray have each expressed their admiration of his genius in sympathetic sketches; Swinburne has added a few words of almost unbounded praise; Leigh Hunt has touched upon him lightly; and there is also the volume which appeared the year after his death, entitled '*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Amours of William Congreve, Esq.*,' which Mr. Gosse dismisses with a half-dozen words of derision. Till the present volume appeared, however, a detailed account of the 'greatest English master of pure comedy' was nowhere to be found.

Admirable and interesting as this work is, it is only too evident that the opportunity of presenting a living picture of the author of '*The Way of the World*' has been too long neglected. For all Mr. Gosse's study and research, the man evades us; the vital spark is as absent as in the Duchess of Marlborough's dummy of wax. He has rectified errors in certain dates, and straightened out several matters popularly misunderstood for nearly two centuries; he has discovered that official patronage came tardily, and that the dramatist in early life was not so well off in this world's goods as has been generally supposed; he has for the first time chronicled the exact dates of publication of almost all the poet's writings. But apart from this he has been able to add little that we did not already know, and has failed utterly to vivify the ghost of the old playwright who made the coffeehouse reëcho and the theatre's rafters shake with the outbursts of laughter provoked by his flashing wit. The day is too late for that, and unless some unhopd-for good-fortune brings to light material which is not known of now, we shall never have a fuller picture of Congreve than is given here. What we have to thank Mr. Gosse for chiefly is his industry in delving among dusty books for material which otherwise would not have been brought within our reach, and for saving from further oblivion the scattered fragments of the wit's biography. For this painstaking compilation every student of English literature will award him praise.

What first strikes us in reading this brief history is the fact that all Congreve's enduring work was crowded into the space of seven years, and that it was finished when he was thirty. Yet he lived on to a comparatively ripe age, dying nearly thirty years later. The only apparent cause for his retirement thus early in life and in the midst of honors seems to be the attack of Collier, who, as Mr. Gosse so happily insinuates, not only killed the disease but the patient as well. At any rate the drama, though later it revived somewhat, seems then to have received a deadly blow. The time was not ripe for the novel, or doubtless Congreve might have turned the powers of his genius in that direction.

\* *Life of William Congreve*. By Edmund Gosse. 40 cts. (Great Writers.) New York: Thomas Whittaker.

But, whatever the cause, he kept an almost unbroken silence after 1700. The Collier controversy furnishes Mr. Gosse with the material for a fat chapter of his book, and it is one of the best in it. He has not suffered himself to make a hero of his hero in the matter, and certainly Congreve was worsted. Sinning less than most of his contemporaries against taste and morals, yet even his case was weak against the onslaught of his antagonist. And it is in great part this profligacy in language and incident that has for years doomed Congreve, great as he was, to share with a host of lesser souls an almost 'dumb forgetfulness.'

#### Recent Fiction

IT WOULD TAX the most fertile and exacting imagination to conceive of a more delightful excursion than a water journey through England in the 'Nameless Barge,' with much the same company we knew in the *Phaeton*,—with Peggy, her banjo and her old-fashioned melodies,—with the petulant, piquant Queen Titania, and the incessant clever talk which Mr. Black gives us in '*The Adventures of a House Boat*.' For an *omnium gatherum* of everything that is charming in the spirit of travel, scenery, current thought, historical gossip, mild adventure, agreeable men and captivating women, Mr. Black in this, his latest book, has certainly outdone himself. The compliment of selecting an American girl for his heroine has not fallen by the wayside, since he has made her so charming. It has also served the author's purpose admirably since it has given stimulus and occasion for all the conversation of historical and romantic associations as the Barge passes through scenes treasured by all English-speaking people. Hampton Court, Oxford, Warwick, Stratford, Kenilworth—all are visited and talked over in a perfect maze of clever allusion and personalities. One could not call the book a novel, nor hardly a story; there is enough naturalness about the characters to make one think it is all a bit from real life; and we suppose Mr. Black knows just where to recruit the *personnel* of such another expedition, even if he does lead us to believe that Peggy has been spirited away to the fastnesses of Scotland. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

COMMENTATORS upon the common law of primogeniture have hitherto failed to remark that, among its other influences, it helped to lay the foundation of the English novel and at the same time inaugurated an order of things which must keep the state of society peculiarly national and distinctive in that respect. '*The Mystery of Mirbridge*' is a novel in which the pith and purpose of the story is the establishing of the proper heir on the Trevor estates without divulging to Mirbridge and the world at large that the seeming heir was illegitimate, and that the present Lady Trevor was in reality the village girl who had been betrayed by the present Sir Richard and was supposed to have died in London. After having made himself detested by his neighbors and an object of terror to his young wife, the putative heir on learning the conditions of birth, betakes himself in sullen wrath to France, where a natural bent to dissipation, aided and abetted by French brandy, conveniently disposes of him. It is one of those stories in which there is a great deal of winding up and tangling of threads in order that they may all be unwound and straightened out again. As often happens, the consequences of the social sin do not fall heaviest upon those who committed it, but upon the inheritor in the younger generation, as if there were an accretion of force in its onward influence. In this case the consequences fall upon the shoulders of the fair young girl who, from an overreaching ambition and in ignorance of his birth, marries the illegitimate heir. The book is well written, as Mr. Payn's novels are sure to be; the conversation at times being decidedly epigrammatic. (50 cts. Harper's Franklin Square Library.)

EVIDENTLY SUGGESTED by Mme. Blavatsky's remarkable book, '*Isis Unveiled*,' '*The Veiled Beyond*' of Sigmund B. Alexander is a mixture of romance and mysticism. To the fundamental ideas of esoteric Buddhism, the psychic power of will over matter, the separation of the astral from the mere bodily form, the attainment of adeptship, the achievement of nirvana by unselfish devotion to mankind, the author has added statements that suit his purpose from '*Isis Unveiled*,' such as the power of an adept to control the sensations of those about him, and the idea that germs of moral contagion infect certain localities. It is no new thing in literature to have the story of a man who by the employment of occult power projects himself into the body of another in the hope of enjoying the fruits of that other's life and the blessings peculiar to alien spirits. The same thing has been much better done than in Mr. Alexander's case. Bulwer made a stir by the attributes of Margrave in '*A Strange Story*,' while Gautier's '*Avatar*' is a slightly different phase



of the same conception. And has not even Mr. Fawcett recently tried his hand at it? Mr. Alexander's story is not uninteresting, more because of what it suggests, however, than because of what it accomplishes. The situations are trite and the characters mere wooden puppets. The moral of the tale is, briefly, that the leopard cannot change his spots in ethics any more than in physics; or, as George Eliot puts it, 'at any given moment of time, every man is the resultant of all the conscious acts of his past life.' Following out this accepted maxim of morals, one sees in this tale that from what is conceived in greed one cannot reap blessedness, and that the old recluse of the Himalayas who assumed the outward form of the youth could not gain his joys, while by his selfishness he lost the spiritual rewards in acquiring which he had spent his whole life. (50 cts. Cassell's Sunshine Series.)

WHAT WOMAN has not succumbed to the intellectual lethargy produced by one of the 'Duchess's' novels, surrendering herself completely to the matchless frivolity of this clever novelist—the *beau idéal* writer to a large class of women and young girls? The effect produced on one's volition by one of her books is much like that insidious drowsiness that creeps on after dinner, and filches away your mind and determination, until, with a feeble protest of dissent, you sink into unprofitable sensuous slumber. A novelist whose heroes are all of the manly, protecting sort, to whom her heroines supply the natural complement of shrinking coyness, cannot, one would say, produce a very bad effect on the impressionable mind. But the 'Duchess' is decidedly sensational. She fosters an emotional sentimentality which all her piquancy and charming vivacity cannot neutralize. Her latest novel, 'The Hon. Mrs. Vereker,' is the story of a young girl who at sixteen was married to a drunken brute. How he ill-treated her and what a mournful life she led, how she was loved by another man, and how finally, after a good deal of despair, the brutal husband was killed and she married the other man, is all duly set forth. Not a high order of story as one can see, and not even entertaining, though it has in it some of the 'Duchess's' original, inconsequential women, who always amuse and sometimes charm one. (25 cts. J. B. Lipincott Co.)

'A MERE CHILD,' by L. B. Walford, is a reprint in the Leisure Hour Series of one of those English country stories of which the world of literature is so full. It is neither better nor worse than the ordinary 'run' of them. Of such books as these, perhaps the best thing that can be said is that they are preëminently healthful in tone; for while they add nothing to literature, they do not filch from the reader his peace of mind, but leave him in a rational state when he lays them down. 'A Mere Child' refers to the fact that when the heroine was fifteen she lucklessly fell in love with a man twice her age. To punish him for not having observed that such was the case, when she got to be eighteen and he finally fell in love with her she revenged herself by tormenting him. A feeble revenge, however, it proved to be, like the fiery furnace whose heat consumed those who kindled the fire. The book ends, as such books are wont to do, with a grand tableau of reconciliation and kisses. The story belongs to a class of fiction as common under English skies as tennis and cricket, and fortunately about as objectionable: a class of fiction of women, by women, and for women—not strong food, but then not poisonous. (\$1. Henry Holt & Co.)

'QUATRE-VINGT-TREIZE' is the second of Victor Hugo's novels which, we are glad to learn, Mr. Jenkins 'feels encouraged' to issue as a companion to his beautiful five-volume edition of 'Les Misérables,' lately noticed in these columns. In this one may see both the *vis* and the *vir* that Victor Hugo was: his fertility, trenchancy, imaginativeness, and intellectual virility. In '93' he shows himself at one of his best moments, and purposely selects this epic time to reveal his own great tragic and pictorial powers, and through them the capabilities of the French people. The book is a torrent in five hundred pages, bearing on its bosom the France of the Revolution, white with passion, thundering with emotion, distraught with sad experience. (\$1. Wm. R. Jenkins.)

'THE STAR OF INDIA' is a novel of average merit, written by Mr. Edward S. Ellis, the well-known writer for boys, and author of a number of stories of out-door life. The title of the book is taken from a diamond of surpassing brilliancy, the fortunes of which, during the Sepoy rebellion of a generation ago, form the staple of the story. Apparently the narrative has been made up after a course of reading of books on India, but the dialogue is spirited, and the plot constructed with care. The usual British surgeon, military men, missionaries and stock natives of various caste figure in the story, with enough lore and bloodshed to cement the whole together. The crisis turns upon the substitution of a manufactured paste stone for the matchless Star of India diamond. The

story will be enjoyed by the boys, and those who would learn about India from novels rather than from travellers, but the art of the author is not quite that which conceals art. (50 cts. New York: F. A. Munsey.)

FORTY-EIGHT miles northwest of London, in the lovely valley of the upper Thames, stand Wallingford Castle and Dorchester Abbey. The old Castle is now a ruin, owned by somebody or other, and so is the Abbey, built in the Twelfth Century. In and among these ruins and the grounds encircling them, has roamed often and delightedly, both as boy and man, the Vicar of Chelsey, another place in Berks. Instead of writing a history of the place and its historic buildings, the Rev. A. D. Crake has cast his material in the form of a story, entitled 'Brian Fitz Count,' using real personages as his figures, and painting them against a background of actual geography and mediæval custom. As a story, the author's effort is fair, and his treatment of the Baron and the Queen, and life in the Abbey and the Castle, is spirited. He shows how real religion lived and was illustrated in beautiful lives, amid many outward forms that modern and reformed Christianity condemns. Incidentally one learns to be thankful for drainage, pure water, and city comforts; and from his pictures, no doubt true, of the stagnant, fenny, marshy, and generally wet, dark and muddy Britain of the Middle Ages, one wonders all the more at the 'finished' condition of the dry, clean and sunny, even if exclusive, England of to-day. The book abounds in dialogue and in incidents of love and war, and touches on the Crusades. We part with the hero, Brian Fitz Count, Lord of Wallingford Castle, as, shriven by a priest, he breathes his last in a caravansary in the Holy Land. The book will make a welcome addition to the home and Sunday-school library. (\$1. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

#### Minor Notices

'THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, 1887,' has received the compliment of publication through the regular channels of the book-trade—a compliment deserved by the literary quality of the document, entirely apart from its merits as a political argument. With the latter aspect of the Message we have nothing to do. If one believes in such a revision of the tariff as shall reduce the national revenue from that source, the President's logic and illustrations will seem vigorous and irrefutable; to the believer in a revision designed to increase the average rate of duty, the thing will have a very different air. When we see in what bitterness and strife the discussion of the issue here set forth involves every one who engages in it, we congratulate ourselves on being, so far as our critical function is concerned, impartial non-combatants, concerned only with the literary form in which the conflicting arguments appear. From this point of view, the Message of 1887 strikes us as an admirable piece of work. Two editions of the pamphlet are issued, one being enlivened by a running pictorial comment by the cartoonist Thomas Nast, who emerges from the comparative obscurity of the last few years to depict the American citizen bending beneath an unbearable burden of indirect taxation. The publishers are Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. (25 cts.)

'PROTECTION ECHOES FROM THE CAPITOL,' edited by Thomas H. McKee, Assistant Librarian of the Senate, and the Hon. W. W. Curry, of Indiana, consists of 1254 selections from the Tariff debate in Congress, together with other matter, including the text of the existing Tariff and of the Mills bill, which reduces the present average rate of duty upon imports from 47½ per cent to 42½. (Washington: McKee & Co. New York: G. S. Fellows & Co.)

NOW THAT the question of Free Trade or Protection has become prominent in our national politics, publications of all sorts relating to it are growing abundant. Two or three such now lie before us, but there is nothing specially new in any of them. One of them, a pamphlet by Edward E. Hale, is an argument for protectionism, and consists of imaginary conversations between a New England workman and his acquaintances. The title is 'Tom Torrey's Tariff Talks,' and the book presents the usual Protectionist arguments in a somewhat extreme form. 'Tom' maintains that the varied industries of this country owe their existence entirely to the tariff, and that freedom of trade would ruin them. Indeed, the author goes so far as to assert that without a protective tariff we should have no literature at all. (Boston: J. Stilman Smith & Co.)

THE SECOND work referred to is 'Free Trade,' a reprint of a speech by Karl Marx before the Democratic Club at Brussels, Belgium, on Jan. 9, 1848. It is a mass of rant from beginning to end. Socialists naturally dislike Free Trade, because it extends the range of competition; and this speech is largely a tirade against the Free Traders of England. At the same time Marx is at pains to tell us that though he dislikes Free Trade, he is by no means in favor of Protection, which he declares to be only

a 'means of manufacturing manufacturers.' On the whole he prefers Free Trade, because, as he says, 'it breaks up old nationalities, and carries antagonism of proletariat and bourgeoisie to the uttermost point. In a word, the Free Trade system hastens the social revolution.' We do not think the question will be settled on the lines of either of these works. (25 cts. Boston: Lee & Shepard.)

'HOW THEY LIVED IN HAMPTON,' by Edward Everett Hale, is the story of an imaginary industrial enterprise. Three men, named Nourse, Spinner and Workman, enter into partnership in the woolen business, Nourse furnishing nearly all the capital and the other two undertaking the management. They engage workmen at three-fourths of the current rate of wages but with the understanding that they are to share in all extra profits after the payment of expenses and four per cent. on the capital. The extra profits are divided into three equal parts, of which one goes to the capital, one to the workmen, and the remainder to the managers. Mr. Hale believes that most coöperative enterprises fail because the coöperators refuse to pay enough salary to the managers to secure the best talent; and he lays down the rule, which seems entirely arbitrary, that they ought to receive one-third of the extra profits. It is worthy of note that in his imaginary factory the workmen have no voice in the election of the managers, so that the system is not a democratic one; indeed, it is not a coöperative system at all in the strict sense, but an industrial partnership, the workmen merely receiving a portion of the profits. As the case is an imaginary one, of course everything works like a charm; and the village of Hampton is almost a paradise. Not only is everybody well off and contented, but schools, churches, libraries and everything else that is good spring up as if by magic, and there seems to be no sorrow nor sin anywhere. The obvious criticism on such a scheme is that it is a castle in the air, and that it presupposes a much higher standard of virtue in all classes of men than now prevails or is likely to prevail in the near future. Nevertheless there are good things in the book, as there always are in any thing of Mr. Hale's, and it may be the means of interesting some people in coöperation who are not interested in it now. And it certainly enforces a useful lesson in regard to the necessity of good management. (\$1. Boston: J. Stilman Smith & Co.)

IN HIS ELABORATE WORK, 'A Migration Legend of the Creek Indians,' Mr. Albert S. Gatschet, of the Bureau of Ethnology, has given a full description, historical and ethnological, of the Indian tribes of the Southern States, from Florida and South Carolina to Texas. The first volume, which was published in 1884, was noticed at the time in our pages. The second volume has now appeared, completing the work. It comprises the text of this very curious and important legend in two languages, Creek and Hitihiiti, with literal translations, and with abundant annotations, explaining the various traditions, historical facts, and peculiar usages, referred to in the legend. Mr. Gatschet's extensive reading, and his personal researches among the Indian tribes, from the South Atlantic States to Oregon, have enabled him to make his notes unusually instructive and interesting. There are full glossaries of the two languages, which will be found of much linguistic value, with several appendices on the Creek towns and other subjects, and an index covering both volumes. The work will be welcome to all students of Indian ethnology. (\$2. Washington: A. S. Gatschet, P. O. Box 691.)

WE TOOK UP Mr. John M. Williams's work on 'Rational Theology' with the expectation of finding it a philosophical and liberal work, but our expectations were not fulfilled. It is merely an attempt to escape from some of the extreme doctrines of Calvinism, or soften them down a little. The author rejects the Calvinistic doctrine of divine sovereignty and human inability, although, as usual with advocates of the free-will theory, he fails to make his own doctrine clear. Conscience he holds to be purely intellectual, without any emotional element whatever. As to the nature of Christ, Mr. Williams holds that he was not a mere man, neither had he two natures, one divine and the other human; but he was the Deity himself manifest in the flesh, 'so far as the infinite can manifest itself through the finite.' With regard to endless punishment, he goes as far as Calvin himself, saying: 'In simple regard for truth, from both a rational and Scriptural point of view, I confess, with feelings of pain I am unable to translate into language, I can see no escape from what is termed the orthodox view of the future of incorrigible men' (p. 261). Yet in another chapter he remarks: 'Is punishment right because good comes of it, or does good come of it because it is right? It is right because good comes of it, we answer, and for no other conceivable reason' (p. 203). How these two opinions are to be reconciled we are unable to see. The whole book shows that the author's standpoint is that of a

past age, and that he is not familiar with the best thought of the time, either religious or philosophical. (\$1.50. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)

WE CANNOT well imagine a more delightful form of entertainment than 'A Trip to England' in the company of Mr. Goldwin Smith. An accomplished scholar, full of learning and—which is better still—of information, master of a striking and vivid style, thoroughly acquainted with his own country and absent from it just long enough to tell Americans and Canadians what it is indispensable to see, he has gathered into this small pamphlet, originally delivered as a lecture, all the 'points' which a literary foreigner visiting England for the first time would like to know. Simply as an essay, 'A Trip to England' is one of the most beautiful things we have ever read, but beyond this, as a guide-book *in minimo*, it will prove invaluable to leisurely folk who have time to read about lordly palace and ivied ruin, abbey and cloister, university and cathedral, country life in England, and the life of the great public schools. It is indeed difficult to characterize an effort so effortless, so replete with poetic facts and historical parallels, so charged with good reading and felicitous recollection as this visit of an absentee, after a long absence, to his native heath. He recalls just what the poet and scholar would like to have recalled, and in a manner so winning that we linger as 'over the walnuts and the wine' of an intellectual feast. Happy he whose old age can mellow into this! (30 cts. Toronto: Williamson & Co.)

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON, whose sketches of girls and poor boys who became famous are well-known, has continued her studies, this time in the field of political biography. By long training as a journalist she has 'the sixth sense'—of the interesting, as Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock used to say of a certain male author. She is sure to find out the most attractive points of her subject, whether man or woman. Further, with womanly tact and discernment, she notes keenly and describes charmingly those minor traits of character which, after all, do most distinguish one individual from another, and give human nature its subtle and wondrous variety. These, like the jewels in a watch, are nearly invisible to common eyes, but yet outlast those phases which, taking their form from circumstances, are more factitious, less truly personal. Her purpose in writing is to hold up grand ideals to the young, and it is to the young that her books will be most helpful. Under her selection of colors, the canvases she fills are all aglow with pure, beautiful, flattering images of the men whose common infirmities are forgotten. On her glowing pages the cold eye of criticism must not look. In her 'Famous American Statesmen,' Washington's martinism and violent temper, Ben Franklin's penuriousness and obscenity, Jefferson's skepticism, Jackson's 'offensive partisanship' and the defects in the careers of Clay, Sumner, Grant and Garfield are ignored. For young persons, this is perhaps as it should be, and the Sunday-school library possibly needs such books. Maturer persons, who like salt as well as sugar in their flavorings of truth, will go to original sources to see the great men of the Republic as they were. Mrs. Bolton has read well the later as well as the earlier biographers, and her style is smooth and fascinating, and imbued with the flavor of rich culture and a pure mind. The book is handsomely made, and each chapter on Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Webster, Clay, Sumner, Grant and Garfield is set off with a good portrait. (\$1.50. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.)

THE HANDSOME new edition of 'The Federalist,' edited by Henry Cabot Lodge, is simply the ninth and concluding volume of Mr. Lodge's final edition of Hamilton's works, here reissued separately and less expensively. That volume was reviewed at length in THE CRITIC of March 5, 1887; therefore it suffices to say that the new edition is well printed, from clear type, on good paper, and in a soberly handsome binding of red vellum-cloth, at the price of two dollars instead of five. The only other edition at all comparing with it, for general circulation, is the so-called University Edition (Scribners) of Henry B. Dawson's well-known 'Federalist.' Mr. Lodge, however, has been able to make some useful additions to Mr. Dawson's collections and conclusions; and the labors of both editors cannot but call renewed attention, on the part of students and general readers, to a masterpiece of American political literature. Mr. Lodge's patient studies concerning the authorship, text, and bibliography of the work bear excellent fruit in his introduction, which is clear, concise, and yet sufficiently full. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

MR. WALTER BESANT will again write 'Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual.' It will bear the title 'The House of Life.' The first edition is to consist of 30,000 copies.



## The Lounger

I WILL venture to say that there will be a great many copies of the current *Scribner's Monthly* bought by collectors of dramatic literature, not only on account of the beginning of Lester Wallack's memoirs, but for the sake of the admirable portrait of the popular actor engraved from the photograph by Cox. Mr. Cox made a visit to Stamford with his camera only a few weeks before Mr. Wallack's death, and this portrait is one of the results of his trip. It represents the comedian in flannel shirt and loose tie, and with a general air of elegant undress. It is very picturesque and will look well framed. I wonder, by the way, if it is generally known how well some of these magazine portraits, particularly the frontispieces, look when framed. I have framed a number of them, and the result is most satisfactory. If you happen to be on friendly terms with the art editor, and he will give you a proof on Japan paper, which you can frame with a gold mat, you will be envied by all your neighbors. I have a habit of saving all the good portraits I find in the magazines, and those of contemporary authors I paste in a big scrap-book. They will make a valuable collection some day. I am not looking only to the future, however; there is sufficient reward in their present possession.

MR. WILLIAM H. BISHOP, the novelist, writes from Paris to a friend in this country that he and his wife have taken an apartment at 38 Avenue Duquesne, and are in the midst of the hurly-burly of furnishing it. 'It is a delightful location,' he says. 'We have the golden dome of the Invalides close by and in full view from our windows, and the buildings of the coming great exposition of '89 are but a stone's-throw away. . . . Having known what it was to travel from other parts of Paris, with every conveyance taken, during the last exposition, I can appreciate that the comfort of being so near and yet, as we are, on a shaded boulevard, away from the noise and actual sight of it, will be all but incalculable. We are at the corner of the Avenue de Breteuil, which goes straight to the splendid façade of the church of the Invalides, and the Avenue Duquesne, which forms the eastern line of the École Militaire and the Champ de Mars. Finally we have a balcony which looks out upon it all in very attractive fashion. Our friend Mme. Blanc of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is on the opposite corner.

APROPOS of M. Coquelin's approaching visit to this country, 'A. S. I.' sends me this note:—'A good many anecdotes told of famous actors of the day are apocryphal, but the following, narrated to me by one who was a fellow traveller with Coquelin on a voyage from Alexandria to Marseilles, is undoubtedly genuine. He was the life of the company, and his witticisms were constant and inspiring. One day, when there was a spell of wet weather, the conversation turned upon the connection between priests and bad weather, there being a goodly number of friars on board. While others accounted for the rough wind and water in various ways, Coquelin insisted upon the priests being the cause, since the law of the Church makes it impossible for any priest to have a *bel(le)-mèr(e)*.'

FROM A CLIPPING from an old English newspaper sent to me by 'Argus,' I reprint the following note, credited in the newspaper where it appears to *The Monthly Magazine*. It is a curious echo from the time when the author of the Waverley Novels was a 'great unknown.'

Mr. Thomas Scott, paymaster of the 70th regiment, stationed at Kingston, in Upper Canada, is reported in the United States to be the author of Waverley, the Antiquary, &c., &c. An acknowledgment of the fact was made (says the Port-Folio), by one of the family of Mr. Scott to an American Gentleman during the last autumn. In addition to this, an individual of Philadelphia has seen the manuscript of one of these works. Mrs. Scott, the lady of Mr. T. Scott, lately passed through New York, on her way to Great Britain, and the time of her arrival was distinguished by an advertisement of a new tale in three volumes, entitled "Bob-Roy," as having been put to press in England, by the author of Waverley and other novels. The intimate connection which Mr. Walter Scott is known to have had with these publications is fully accounted for upon the supposition that the author is his brother, and lives in Upper Canada.

*The Brooklyn Times* quotes the recent statement of a literary woman of that city, that she 'had within a single day transcribed 7000 words in a series of magazine papers.' The editors very truly remark on this that the production of about a hundred dollars, worth of copy in one day is 'not a bad record.' But it was more than the woman will ever do again 'if she can help it.' A good way to help it is to dictate from your notes to a typewriter. It would be much cheaper in the long run to dictate 7000 words for \$96.50 than to write out the same number for \$100; and the typewriter's share in the work would cost only the difference between these two amounts. The same paper tells of the attempt of a

'penny dreadful' writer to make money without earning it by making a paragraph of every sentence, as he found the printer did in setting it. It was not long before he got a letter from the editor informing him that 'fattened' copy could not be paid for at the regular column rates.

THAT simplicity is not one of the lost arts (or virtues) will be patent, I think, to any one who reads the following circular of the Kindly Club, whose headquarters were to be found, until lately, in the beautiful town of Stamford, Conn. The circular itself is as touching in its simplicity as the legend 'I m. from Manayunk,' engraved on a monolithic shaft in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, which a sympathetic traveller mistook for an inscription on the gravestone of an anonymous citizen of the adjoining village. It reads as follows:

THE KINDLY CLUB. Its object is the cultivation of kindly thought by kindly words and by the suppression of 'evil speaking, lying and slandering.' Membership. To be a member it is only necessary to strive earnestly to cultivate kindness of thought and word, and to resolve never to repeat derogatory or ill-natured remarks of another, never to belittle anyone, never to spread unkindly gossip or scandal. Its badge is an inexpensive pin with the design of a bridle, bearing as motto 'The Law of Kindness,' obtainable with further particulars on application, by mail, to 19 East 16th Street, New York.

I need not say how cordially I sympathize with the founder of the Kindly Club in her effort to spread abroad the essential spirit of Christianity. Prof. James of Harvard holds, I hear, that evil thinking is oftener the consequence of evil speaking than evil speaking is of evil thoughts. Whether he is right or not, I hope to see many a breast decorated with the emblematic bridle of the Kindly Club.

MISS HELEN MOORE writes to me as follows:—'You note the recent death of Jane Clairmont (the mother of Byron's Allegra), in Florence, at the age of ninety. When I was in Europe nearly two years ago, Lady Shelley spoke of her to me as having been dead even then for some years. Not a matter of vital importance I expect—except to the American who had hung around for some time, hoping to have bequeathed to him for his devotion some of Shelley's letters, and who, to his everlasting regret, was not in Florence when she died. I do not know who got Miss Clairmont's Shelley material, though I fancy it was one of her nieces, the daughter of her brother Charles. Lady Shelley said she had not much that was authentic at the time of her death, having sold most of her letters in various times of need. She always pretended to have more than she had, and to know much more about Shelley than any one else. Her written recollections and memorials of him were marvels of ingenuity and fiction. On this small stock in trade she managed to support a semi-literary and social position in Florence.' She died March 17, 1879.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes

THE LATEST example of the brilliant work done by the Tiffany Glass Co. is a delicately toned triple window for a house in San Francisco. It is called 'Spring,' because the tall female figure in the centre is shown gathering apple-blossoms, but the pale russets and ambers of the drapery and the foliage are more autumnal than primal. The figure is gracefully posed and the face pleasing. The values of the composition are nicely treated, the desired relations being produced by different thicknesses of glass. The side windows are filled with conventional plants in pale red jars. The design is too small for the size of the windows and detracts very much from their effect. There is a more elaborate window by the same artist on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Galleries, designed after Vély's picture at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, 'Le Puits qui Parle'—a page leaning over a wall and talking in the ear of a girl standing beside a well. The color is very good, the scheme being rather dark.

—The principal art-schools of New York will reopen for the season next Monday, Oct. 1. These include the Art-Students' League, the Academy of Design, the Gotham Art-Students, the Woman's Art-School at Cooper Institute, the art-department of the free night schools, and the technical schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Among the new features at the different schools are the establishment of a preparatory modelling-class at the Art-Students' League, and the possibility of the establishment of a class in book-binding at the Metropolitan Museum.

—Mr. J. Ward Stimson has accomplished his cherished purpose of establishing a technical art-school, and the 'New York Institute for Artist Artisans' will begin its first season under his superintendence on Oct. 1, at 140 West 23d Street. The provisional Board of Trustees consists of C. N. Bovee, H. S. Barnes and F. Vogan.

—The latest plan with regard to the Wm. M. Hunt mural paintings at Albany is to remove them to Boston at the expense of some of the friends of the artist in that city. It is said that the 'Flight of Night' on the north wall is beyond restoration even if removed.

—The Virginia Exposition, to open at Richmond on Oct. 3 and continue till Nov. 21, will comprise an art-department containing a number of representative American pictures.

—The seventh Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy will open Nov. 19 and close Dec. 15.

—In connection with the Union League Club's recent reception to its President, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, a good collection of pictures was shown, which included works by Gérôme, Clairin, Frère, Courtois, Corot and many well-known American painters.

—The French painter, Boulanger, is dead. He was a pupil of Delaroche, Jolivet and the École des Beaux-Arts. His subjects were drawn chiefly from ancient Roman and modern Egyptian life. A work called 'The Apian Way' was in the Stewart collection. Boulanger was especially famous as a draughtsman, and was one of the instructors of the Jullien atelier. As a professor of drawing he taught many of our best American painters.

—The sixteenth annual exhibition of the Interstate Industrial Exposition at Chicago opened on September 5, and will continue until October 20. Pictures owned by Thos. B. Clarke, George I. Seney, Mrs. Augustus St. Gaudens and Stanford White are in the collection, which includes works by Edwin H. Blashfield, Robert Blum, who shows the group of clever pastels seen at the exhibition of the Painters in Pastel last winter; John A. Brown, of Boston; Wm. M. Chase; Kenyon Cox, who exhibits his admirable portrait of St. Gaudens; Eakins, Freer, Gifford, the two Harrisons, Child Hassam, George Inness, John Lafarge, the Morans, Frank Millet, George Smillie, Jules Stewart, who is represented by 'The Hunt Ball'; J. H. Twachtman, Chas. F. Ulrich and Horatio Walker. Mr. Theodore Wores exhibits the thirty-five pictures of Japanese life seen here last season at the Reichard gallery. The exhibition is even better than that of last year.

### "American English"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

One need not be a disciple of M. Taine in his environment theory to see clearly that local variations in pronunciation will as certainly occur as local variations of soil, climate, occupation, and the thousand other things that affect men physically and mentally. Prof. Whitney finds no difficulty in proving that 'no two men speak exactly the same tongue. Each has his own vocabulary, . . . his own deviations from the normal standard of pronunciation.'

It is not necessary to speak at length of the causes which, in the United States, produce not only local but individual peculiarities of speech. One has but to reflect that only a small proportion of even our educated classes are of unmixed English blood, to see how impossible is the avoidance of any peculiarity. There is no section, no city, of the United States that is without such peculiarities of pronunciation as serve to betray its citizen the moment he utters a sentence. The Bostonian and the New Yorker, acknowledged representatives of our highest culture, may lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are absolutely free from the sin of provincialism in pronunciation, but they deceive themselves, that is all. Mr. Howells is as nearly right as spelling can make him about his *moybid* young lady, as quoted by Mrs. Carter in THE CRITIC; but Mr. James can easily retaliate by making his Boston heroine, whom her friends call *Saliner*, return to *Ameriker*. 'Miss A—', said a mischievous Western school-girl to her Boston-bred instructor in Greek, 'must we say *Alpher*, just as you do?'

After all, absolute conformity to any standard of vowel, aspirate, or liquid sounds is as largely dependent on the ear of the one who utters them as is the ability to distinguish between musical tones. I have heard educated persons assert that they could perceive no difference whatever between two vowel sounds which were to my ear as distinctly unlike as the sounds of *a* and *o*. A person whose ear is thus defective, whether naturally or for want of training, cannot mimic an unfamiliar accent, nor be depended upon to impart a correct sound to a learner. Again, some persons are unable to resist any modifying influence which may be directed upon their pronunciation. I once knew a gentleman of English descent and of thorough education, who, after a year's residence in a French family, spoke English with a perceptible foreign accent. A subsequent residence in a Scotch family served only to complicate the foreign sound of his English. A lady of my acquaintance has been variously mistaken for a New Englander, a Southerner, and a Scotchwoman, because, after a few years' residence in any locality, her pronunciation has conformed to the one which constantly fell upon her ear. In both these cases the change of accent was very slightly

perceptible to the speakers, and they seemed unable to prevent it. It is not intended to make a plea here for indulgence in peculiarities in the face of ability to conform to the normal standard; I mean only to suggest that in view of the numberless influences that operate to produce differences in English pronunciation—influences utterly impossible of removal or control,—it is little short of arrogance to declare that 'any peculiarity is unparadonable.'

MARY D. LEONARD.

CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY, Sept. 21, 1888.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your issue for Sept. 1, I find the following from Alice P. Carter: 'The pronunciation of the *r* at the end of a word is peculiar to the West, though it already begins as far East as Syracuse.' As the lady is writing of inaccuracies in our American speech, I presume she here has in mind the improper addition of the sound of the letter *r* to the pronunciation of words ending with vowels: as, for instance, *idear*, for 'idea.' If I am correct in understanding her thus, permit me to express my belief that, 'in the language of educated people,' this is a peculiarity of New Englanders. In a somewhat extensive circle of educated acquaintances in the States of Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan, I have observed this peculiar pronunciation among New England people only. Among them, for instance, are three friends, all of New England birth and education, one a graduate of Dartmouth, another a graduate of Harvard, the other, a lady, educated from childhood in the best schools in Cambridge, Mass. The Harvard man, for years principal of a Massachusetts high school, says that he was never aware that he was guilty of the habit until his Western pupils called his attention to it upon his arrival here two years ago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8, 1888.

H. H. BELFIELD.

### "Pasilingua"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

'Pasilingua,' the invention of Prof. Steiner of Darmstadt, a man of profound learning and excellent judgment, appeared in 1885. It is based upon modern European languages of Germanic or Romance origin, mainly the English, the French and the German (with an occasional recourse to the Latin), and its vocabulary is chiefly selected from the English Dictionary, choosing by preference such words as are common to these three languages. Prof. Steiner's ideas are as follows: 1. That such a language must be in keeping with the modern conditions of philology, having a due regard to the historical development and progress of speech as now known to the learned world. 2. That it should be founded upon modern and well-known tongues, and not arbitrarily and fantastically created. 3. That its forms should have an acceptable look. Contrasting Volapük with his invention, he finds in the former none of his indispensable requisites. He shows that the vocabulary of the former is made up without reference to other languages, in a recognizable condition; that the very name Volapük is supposed to be of English origin, but is utterly unknown and unintelligible to all English-speaking persons. Without, however, entering into this phase of his work, a short analysis of his scheme may be of interest.

'Pasilingua' has many valuable properties, but also, in my opinion, many insurmountable defects. It retains three articles, and has also artificial gender-endings—six in number. Its nouns have four case-terminations differing according as they stand alone or are preceded by the article. In this form, which applies as well to the adjective, is preserved one of the most useless and least valuable features of the German language. Indeed, it shows how difficult it is to eradicate entirely the attachment to one's mother-tongue. Adjectives have twelve sets of endings, all finally terminating in the distinctive gender-vowels, *e, e, a*. One excellent feature of the language is that all the conjunctions and all the prepositions (except three) are borrowed bodily from the Latin, a language with which all educated persons have a greater or less familiarity. The verb has four conjugations.

The general effect of Prof. Steiner's language is decidedly pleasing, but the grammar lacks the simplicity necessary to recommend it for adoption as a universal medium of thought-intercommunication. It will be noticed as a curious fact how much of the vocabularies of all these modern attempts at an international tongue are based upon the English. Were our native language only a little more regular in its orthography, and its grammar perhaps slightly modified, perhaps it might be selected *intentionally* as the so much desired medium. As it is, the rapid spread of the English may, in a century or two, lead to this result even without modification. What a pity if we cannot accelerate it!

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 25, 1888.

HENRY PHILLIPS, JR.



### International Copyright

AT THE session of the United Typothetae held on Thursday of last week, a committee appointed on the previous day to consider the Chace International Copyright bill, which has been passed by the Senate and is now pending in the House, reported as follows:

Your Committee find on examination that the subject is so large that it would be a physical impossibility to write out, in the time given us, a report that would do full justice to the subject. Therefore, it has been decided best to have each member of the Committee who so desires to state his views as briefly as possible, and then we will ask permission to introduce to the Convention one or two gentlemen who for years have made a study of copyright, who are thoroughly posted on the provisions of the present bill before Congress, and who will stand ready to answer any questions that may be asked by any member of this Convention.

(Signed) W. J. GILBERT, JOHN W. WALLACE,  
W. P. HENNEBERRY, WM. W. APPLETON.

After the reading of this report, Dr. Edward Eggleston, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Copyright League, was introduced to the Convention, and spoke at length on the subject of the proposed copyright law, and its probable effect on American printers. He strongly advocated the passage of the Chace Copyright bill, and pointed out that the American public now pays more for its books than the English people. He was under the impression that in the Chace bill Congress had protected the printers. If cheap books were demanded, they would be supplied. Mr. Sam Slawson then read a long argument against the bill, which had been prepared by Mr. Richard Ennis of St. Louis. G. S. Duncan, of Edinburgh, a printer and publisher, said it was the opinion of the trade in Scotland that if the Chace bill became a law, the Scotch publishers would be compelled to bring their capital and plant here and publish their books from this side of the water. Col. Sleicher of the Albany *Journal* thought he knew enough about the bill to be able to say that it was not drawn up in the interest of the publishers and printers. Finally, after long discussion, the report of the Committee was received and the Committee discharged, and a resolution adopted laying the whole matter on the table. Considering the fact that the Chace bill was devised in the interest of the publishing and printing trades, rather than of the authors, who had presented a very different measure to Congress, the opposition developed to it in the Typothetae is difficult to account for. The clause which distinguishes the Chace bill from the bill proposed by the authors' League, is one that denies copyright in this country to any foreign book not printed from type set here. If this is not in the interest of the printers, in whose interest is it?

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

As my letter reprinted in THE CRITIC of Aug. 25 was upon the tariff, and not upon importing, it is, perhaps, allowable for me to say a word with reference to the strictures of Mr. Jenkins upon a certain portion in which I incidentally touched upon the importing business. 25 or 30 per cent. may be the best discount allowed to him and others in the trade, but it is somewhat curious that a stranger, not in the trade and unrecommended, may purchase copies of recent publications at various shops in Paris at 20 and 25 per cent. discount, as I know to be the fact. Mr. Jenkins does not allow for auctions and special bargains, where even late publications may be purchased for half price and less; on the whole I think my figure, 40 per cent., is not far out of the way. New York houses may be obliged to charge \$1.25 for a 3 franc book in order to make a fair profit, but any one may buy the same book of a certain Western house for \$1.05. As to Mr. Jenkins's last criticism, I was not unaware that a number of French books had been reprinted in this country; but this, however praiseworthy it may be, is hardly fostering a native French literature, which is all that could be meant by such a term as 'foster,' in connection with a protective tariff.

H. M. STANLEY, Librarian.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY, ILL., Sept. 19, 1888.

### "James Lane Allen, of Chicago"

IN ORDER to do Mr. James Lane Allen of Chicago the 'exact justice' which he feels was not done him in The Lounger's remarks on Sept. 8, we print the following letter in full, and exactly as written. The text is in type-written manuscript, edited by Mr. Allen himself. Ten days before this was written, and immediately on the appearance of The Lounger's paragraph, the gentleman's namesake in Kentucky wrote to us to say that he had only desired the publication of a note to the effect that there were two J. L. A.'s, one a lawyer, the other a magazinist. He had no desire whatever to 'make it hot' for his Chicago cousin—nor, for that matter, had we.

CHICAGO, ILLS. Sept. 20, 1888.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC:

A friend kindly directed my attention, two days since, to an article appearing in the "Lounger's" column of your paper, under date of Sept. 8th, in which attention is called to the 'duality' of my cousin, J. Lane Allen, of Kentucky, and myself, James Lane Allen, of Chicago.

As I have, for some years, busied myself in calling attention to that duality, I am only too grateful for any further announcements of the fact: Yet, I'm conscious your article, more in spirit than in letter, does me injustice, and prompts me to appeal to you for that "fair-play" in which any true 'critic' delights. Knowing Mr. J. Lane Allen and not knowing me, it is but natural that your article should breathe the spirit it does. I am conscious I labor under a great disadvantage in not being personally known to you; nevertheless, such is my confidence in the fairness of a paper having the aims of the Critic, I do not hesitate, upon acquainting you with the real facts in the case, in leaving you to make such explanation in your paper, as you may deem just to it, yourself, Mr. J. Lane Allen and myself.

To enable you to fully understand the unpleasant situation, it becomes necessary that I give you a full statement of the facts, certain of which I would otherwise feel a delicacy in stating. Mr. J. Lane Allen and myself are brothers' sons, and are both named to honor a favorite brother of our fathers, the Hon. James Lane Allen, of Danville, Ky., who is still living. I am my cousin's senior, by a few years, and graduated from College in 1867, some years in advance of his graduation. Realizing the confusion that might arise from three living kinsmen bearing the same name, and my uncle theretofore commonly writing his name as James L. Allen, I some fifteen years ago, commenced writing my name and having my cards printed, JAMES LANE ALLEN. My cousin, never, until within a few years, wrote his name other than J. Lane Allen, and was only known among our kins-people as "Lane" Allen.

Obtaining such general notariety as would naturally arise from having practiced law in Chicago since 1872; being nominated for various public offices (none of which I desired and all of which I declined); being a public speaker and well known worker for the Republican Party; delivering sundry public addresses; being a Director of the Chicago Public Library, and the well known promoter of its welfare, in Congressional action and at home; having most of my speeches, and many interviews with me, published at length in our daily newspapers; being a public reader of and lecturer on the Negro dialect, as well as a writer of negro dialect stories; and, finally, being a man whose tastes have uniformly been gratified by literary studies and pursuits—is it strange that any literary work appearing over my name should be ascribed to me in Chicago? The very fact that the authorship of everything appearing over that name should be ascribed to me in the Northwest, without inquiry or the slightest hesitancy, gives you the fullest warrant regarding myself and my literary standing.

Nothing could have caused me more confusion than the course adopted by my cousin, and because of my public and private reputation, my friends and acquaintances would hardly believe my disclaimers, and it became and was and is a veritable "nuisance." Mr. Allen No. 2 does not so greatly object to Mr. Allenn No. 1 foraging on his grass, "but that he should have to feed on his, that is another affair," I can say with peculiar emphasis. I most seriously object to the use of the word 'pretense', in your article, and am deeply grateful for the saving clause—'If he has actually made such pretense in his own behalf.' Read the record of the facts and judge for yourself. Soon after the first article from the pen of Mr. J. Lane Allen, appeared in public print, I wrote him a letter declaring the pleasure it gave me to read his article, but protesting against the adoption by him of my style of writing our mutual name, and informing him that whatever he might write thereafter, its authorship would be attributed to me in the Northwest, and begged

him to desist. He replied in a kindly vain, declaring his equal right to the use of the name, his desire to be and become an humble co-adjutor with our mutual Uncle and myself in rendering the name somewhat honored, and expressing the pleasure it gave him, if so be that his work gave me any pleasure or added anything to my reputation, etc., &c.

Since then, I have never, where suitable opportunity was offered, failed to give both *prompt* and *emphatic* denial to my authorship of his work. During the past August a local paper gave me credit for my cousin's article in the August Century. In the next issue after I saw it (during August), the Editor announced, at my instance, in an *editorial*, that I 'disclaimed the authorship of the article, and said it should be credited to a cousin of mine, living in Kentucky.' I have not felt called upon (nor would my cousin in a like happening) to rush into the public print, denying the authorship of his work, as this would seem impertinent and priggish; but when permitted, in private, many times a day frequently, I have proclaimed the 'duality'; but never failing to warmly commend his work.

The secret sting in the 'Lounger's' article is revealed, when I inform you that, but a few weeks since, while on a visit to my parents, who live in Lexington, Ky., I made a special visit of some hours to my cousin, for the purpose of presenting the confusion arising from our bearing the same name. The only knowledge Mr. J. Lane Allen ever received theretofore of the notice in the 'Detroit Free Press,' and, of most of the facts stated in your article, was given him by me during that visit. I am therefore, painfully aware, even had you not so stated in the article itself that the 'Lounger's' article was inspired, if not written, by Mr. J. Lane Allen himself. Peculiar force is added to my last statement, by the fact that, on that occasion, the case of the two Roes was laughingly discussed between us, without, I assure you, any assumption on his part that our case was, in any way, similar thereto. It is different in almost all respects; but without being so priggish as to name in detail those points of difference, I may be permitted to say with confidence, that in our case, every proper attempt has been made by me to establish the 'duality' in the public mind. However, as the intention of the article in the 'Critic' was evidently, not so particularly to injure me, as to magnify himself (an act so entirely natural), I harbor no enmity because thereof.

During my visit, some hours pleasant discussion was had both of his work and mine, the unfortunate fact of bearing the same name, and the confusion arising therefrom, the kinship of tastes and trend of thought in the past; and, we were both surprised, on revealing, each to the other, something of the line of intended literary effort in the future, that we were intending something which also seemed akin. I then, again, urged my prior claim, of many years standing, to the use of the full name, and again begged him to change. He then and there informed me he had some years before, on the receipt of my letter hereinbefore alluded to, consulted Mr. Alden (of Harper's) relative to writing his name as Lane Allen simply, and had been advised by him against it, etc. Again, on that occasion, he expressed himself in the same kindly and friendly language he had used in his letter to me, and saying he would leave time to correct all errors, begged me to shake hands on the "Lane" (which we did), and declaring warmly his friendly wishes for myself and our mutually honoring each other, gave me 'God's speed'. My foot-steps had hardly ceased resounding in his ears, e'er he 'took his pen in hand to let you know,' etc. I give these facts at length that you may be sufficiently informed to properly judge and appreciate my feelings upon reading the 'Lounger's' article.

Finally, permit me to correct some errors which have crept into the 'Lounger's' mind. I am not 'meditating a novel of Kentucky life', nor did I so inform my cousin. I did inform him I had been meditating, for the past two years, a novel relating to Chicago life, social problems, etc. Again, I have been a lecturer on the Negro dialect for the past two years, a writer of it for more than four years, and a reader of the dialect for many years,—all long prior to my cousin's essaying this field of literature,—to all of which my many friends can attest. Again, in the face of these facts herein so freely and frankly given, in fullest confidence, reposing upon your fair mindedness, to do a stranger justice, I modestly, but confidently claim this correction 'The James Lane Allen with whom the reading public has to do are two Kentuckians, one of whom is made by his legal obligations and relations at home in Chicago, and the other in New York or Kentucky (which you please), and whose fields and workshops are NOT wholly confined to Kentucky.'

And now, my fair Critic, (a critic unfair is no critic) without enlarging upon my own merits, or exposing to view my hard earned laurels, such as they are, may I not be permitted to make the same claim which Mr. J. Lane Allen urged so long ago, 'of an equal' (if not superior) right to the name, and of a desire to become an

humble coadjutor with him and our mutual Uncle in rendering the name somewhat honored? — Not forgetting, that it will always be my pleasure that he may, if he chooses, 'forage on my grass, but deprecating that "other affair" — feeding on his'.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

N. B. This hastily written letter is intended for your private eye, but, if you choose, may be used for publication to do exact justice.

### "Uncle Tom's Tenement"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will you kindly correct a slight mis-statement in your reviewer's notice of 'Uncle Tom's Tenement'? It is said, 'some satire is directed against the "fashionable philanthropy" which collects its rents from tenement-houses until it pays to turn its capital into something else.' No such case ever came under my observation, and there was nothing anywhere in the book intended to give that impression or suggest that idea. So far as any such connection was attempted, the effort was to show precisely the reverse: that capitalists leave other investments for those in tenement-houses which pay better than almost anything else, and then in the charm of lucrative investment forget to consider the rights of their tenants.

The matter is of but slight importance, perhaps, but as that is the only statement your reviewer makes as to the contents of the book, I should like to have it correct. Pray understand that I assume the mistake as my own: it is an author's duty to make his points not only so that they shall be understood by a critic, but so that they cannot be misunderstood. Sleep, too, is an opinion; and if a reviewer nods, that is certainly the author's fault. You will see that my long and close personal connection with THE CRITIC has imbued me with an unquenchable desire that it shall always be infallible; so that I desire to ascribe any mistake to my own shortcomings as an author, and not to any carelessness on the part of your reviewer. Believe me, therefore, your former servant and constant well-wisher,

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1888.

### Current Criticism

A FASCINATING CHARACTER.—Mr. Cabot's biography of Emerson gives a fascinating picture of a fascinating character. Apart from individual facts and utterances, it contains little that is new. It supplements rather than essentially modifies the conception of Emerson based upon his writings and upon previous records. There was no secret to tell, no mystery to solve. Mr. Cabot tells the story of a limpid life, without rapids, without eddies, without turbulence of any kind. The only secret about Emerson is one that never can be revealed—the secret of his ineffable optimism, his power of living upon phrases. This is an ultimate fact of character, defying analysis; and it constitutes at once the greatest charm and the greatest limitation of his genius. The unruffled azure of Emerson's mind suggests the Blue Grotto at Capri or some such freak of nature rather than an open-air stream flowing freely along and mirroring the storm cloud as well as the empyrean, the baleful meteor no less than the steadfast stars. Mr. Cabot's memoir merely proves what needed no proof, that this peculiar habit of mind was neither assumed nor acquired, but innate and ineradicable.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. HENLEY'S 'BOOK OF VERSE'.—While recognizing the force of all the volume, we take the first section, headed 'In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms,' to be the part of the book which most distinctly removes Mr. Henley from the ranks of the minor bards who sing what all have sung in forms which others have made. It is the literary picture of a section of human suffering which has not before found its artist. There is here the result of a direct experience expressed by one who knows what to say, what to indicate, what to leave unsaid. That the hospital, and the world as it looks to one stretched on a sick-bed in a ward, are attractive subjects we do not assert. Still, they are no small part of human life, and are full of pathos and the possibilities of tragedy. Writing about them could be made unspeakably nauseous; but the fault would be in the writer. It is one into which Mr. Henley has not fallen. He has kept to the intellectual and emotional side of that which he has chosen to deal with, never doing more than touch on the purely physical horrors. To leave them unnamed, unindicated, would have been cowardly. They are present as far as they ought to be—just enough to fill their place in the background of the figures of hospital life. These stand out vivid and clear in Mr. Henley's verse. The Professor (whose name could be given no doubt), the house-surgeon, the nurse, the dresser, the scrubbers; and then the various objects of their care—the suicide, the victim of accident and his Scotch betrothed who stands by his death-bed



earless and speechless with the dour courage of a race which cannot find relief in noise, the two boys who played at 'Case and Dresser,' the penny-whistle player who woke a whole ward to gaiety by piping 'The wind that shakes the barley:' they and others are a gallery of credible human beings. To have etched them as Mr. Henley has done is no inconsiderable feat. The qualities of his drawing are of the best. He has seen something worth seeing, though painful to see, and has told it as it should be told; and therefore, as we have already said, he stands well apart from the common tribe of makers of verses.—*The St. James's Gazette.*

**THE GERMAN NATIONAL EPIC.**—It is the boast of the Germans that they alone possess, besides the Indians, the Persians, and the ancient Greeks, a national epic. The boast is a pardonable, and, on the whole, also a legitimate one; but a close comparison of the 'Nibelungenlied' with all the other epic poems in existence will not hold water. We do not allude to the relative poetical merit of the 'Mahābhārata,' 'Shah Nameh,' or the great Homeric Epopee, but to their importance and bearing from a national point of view. An epic poem can only be said to be truly national if it is intimately interwoven with the history of the people—whether mythical or authentic—if it pervades all the classes of the nation as a living remembrance, and, finally, if it exercises a deep and lasting influence on the mode of thought of the people.

It does not fulfil the primary conditions of a truly national epic, and the enthusiasm entertained for it by the Germans of latter days was not the result of any continuous growth, but the outcome of an artificial propaganda. Considered from a purely æsthetic point of view, however, the 'Nibelungenlied' ranks with the finest productions of poetical genius. All the characters are sketched with marked outlines, and the whole poem is distinguished by a grandeur of conception which justified Heine in declaring that a Frenchman can hardly form a just notion of the majestic vigor of the 'Nibelungenlied.' It took some time before the Germans themselves fully realized the poetical beauty of their national epic, partly because it was used, as we said above, by the romantics as a purely politico-sentimental vehicle, and by the philologists as an abundant source for linguistic disquisitions. These two schools, which have done so much to obscure the poetical charm of the epic, are still more numerous represented in the constantly increasing and alarmingly vast 'Nibelungen' literature than the æsthetic school which sees in the poem nothing but the poem.—*The Spectator.*

**A BOOK TO BE DESIRED.**—Even if Mr. Arnold has not left more poems, and if 'Lucretius' is never to be known to us, save, like a lost play of Æschylus, in one short fragment, it is impossible but that there must be materials for a most valuable Life and Letters. People may be excused for desiring this, as Mr. Arnold's life would not be a mere string of names, 'I dined with the Laceys, and met Jenkins and Dixon,' and so forth; not a collection of anecdotes in the manner of Capt. Sumph; not a hash of the tattle of dead politics, like so many biographies. His literary remains must be of another value, in another style, and rich in humor, in fancy, and in thought. Nor does it seem that there will be any difficulty in finding an adequate editor and biographer, using the word 'adequate' in the full sense of the slang meaning it had when Clough and Arnold, when Corydon and Thyrsis were boys at Rugby and at Balliol. And this reminds one of a regret. Balliol has provided her hall with portraits of her more illustrious children—for example, of the Speaker, as any one may see in Mr. Herkomer's canvas at this year's Academy. When I was asked for what it is usual to call my 'mite' or contribution towards the cost of this agreeable work, I said I would rather give a much weightier mite for a portrait of Mr. Arnold. And now it is too late. Perhaps the College may not forget that among her children there is yet one living poet, Mr. Swinburne, and may be wiser this time.—*Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine.*

**'LA SOURIS' AND 'LE FLIBUSTIER.'**—If the past year has been neither brilliant nor rich in poetry, what can be said of the drama? Is the love of the theatre decreasing in France? or has dramatic art been too much trammelled by conventional forms? For one or the other, or perhaps for both of these reasons, it is too evident that such plays as move or delight the public by their sentiment or their perfection of form are growing deplorably rare. The Comédie Française takes advantage of her classical repertory, and does not seek out, and produce on the stage original works by unknown authors. The only novelties for many months past have been 'La Souris,' by M. Pailleron, and 'Le Flibustier,' by M. Richepin—assuredly too little. M. Pailleron made a great reputation for wit by 'Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie,' a pleasing play, no doubt, but full of reminiscences of Molière and Beaumarchais. The absence of these

invisible and illustrious collaborators is much felt in 'La Souris'; it is pure Pailleron, and meagre enough. The skill of the actors only just succeeds in disguising the feebleness of action and the improbabilities of the play. In 'Le Flibustier' the spectator finds at least some compensation for the insignificance of the plot in the color and movement afforded by verse and rhyme. But I had looked for more originality from M. Richepin, and I am surprised to find in him so much of the mere cleverness, and even trickery, of an *homme du métier*. It is a keen disappointment.—*Jules Levallois, in The Athenæum.*

**PRESIDENT CARNOT'S FATHER AND MACAULAY.**—President Carnot's father has a niche in our literary gallery which not many will envy him. As joint editor with M. David 'd'Angers' of the Barère memoirs, he provoked that scathing invective of which Macaulay said that he 'never took to writing anything with more hearty goodwill.' It is worth remarking that M. Carnot, who was exclusively responsible for the 'Notice Historique,' could remind Frenchmen on behalf of his hero that, however fickle Barère might have been, he had at any rate shown himself consistent in his hatred of England: a plea which provoked Macaulay to exclaim, 'Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack-writer [a rather characteristic juxtaposition], police spy—the one small service which he could render to England was to hate her; and such as he was may all who hate her be!' The essayist would never reprint his article, with which, indeed, he began to find fault in the month of its appearance. 'It is shade,' he writes to Macvey Napier, 'unrelieved by a gleam of light. . . . And thus, to the many reasons which all honest men have for hating Barère, I may add a reason personal to myself, that the excess of his rascality has spoiled my paper on him.'—*The St. James's Gazette.*

**MR. STEVENSON AN 'OLD ROMAN.'**—If a Roman patrician had been asked his opinion of the arts, and of the artists who work in words, in marble, or in pigments, the spirit of his reply would have been just that given by Mr. Louis Stevenson in the current number of *Scribner's Magazine*, though doubtless the Roman would not have clothed his thoughts with a perfection of form such as the readers of English prose had hardly seen before the author of 'Kidnapped' elaborated, with skill consummate and complete, his golden gift of words. The Roman feeling about Art was peculiar, and in absolute contrast to that of the Greeks. The Greek looked upon the poet, the sculptor, and the painter as obeying an impulse in its nature sacred. To him they were God-inspired men, and their work was a gift to the world which entitled them to veneration and respect as great as that bestowed upon the soldier or the statesman. To the Roman, on the other hand, neither poet nor artist was, in truth, aught but a skilled artificer,—the cunning workman who with his ingenuity pleased either the mind or the eye. However great the skill, and however admirable and delightful the work produced, it could not raise the producer above the ranks of those who live merely to provide pleasure for others. To follow Art seemed to the Romans in no sense a manly way of life, and no artist could, by excellence in his art, ever claim the praise and glory reserved for the generals, the law-givers, or the rulers of men. To live to please—for in the artist's work they recognized nothing but the desire to please—seemed to them a sort of intellectual prostitution unworthy of a man. This apparently is exactly Mr. Louis Stevenson's feeling.—*The Spectator.*

**A HARD NUT FOR THE PLAYWRIGHT.**—Under any conceivable circumstances Mr. Rider Haggard's novel of 'She' must have proved a hard nut for the adapter to crack. Its wildly extravagant incidents and its impossible characters offer sufficiently formidable difficulties. Far graver than these things, however, is the curious blending of the mystic and the vulgar which permeates the book. By enveloping the whole in a species of poetic sensuousness, by making the inhabitants of Kor beings of dream-like beauty, and rendering the piece a sort of combination of 'Sardanapalus' and 'Manfred' with other imaginative works of the same period, it might have been possible to produce a play appealing to the literary and artistic sense. No such attempt has been made, however; such sentiments of awe and apprehension as were at first inspired rapidly disappear, and the feeling at the close is not unlike that which might be inspired in those who, opening with reverence the sarcophagus of some Eastern king or the mummy case of some Pharaoh, found inside the body of a modern 'masher' or a wax figure from the great 'repository' in the Euston Road. The audience laughed and applauded. Some few signs of discontent were audible, but the general verdict was favorable. In the Gaiety this verdict seemed scarcely out of place. So many intentional burlesques have been played at the theatre that one unconscious burlesque which surpassed them all in extravagance and drollery could

scarcely provoke a different manifestation. From a serious standpoint the whole was impossible.—*The Athenæum*.

DE QUINCEY'S IMAGINATIVE APPRECIATION.—The De Quinceyan weakness for 'never leaving off' appears again in the 'Memorials of Grasmere.' The fate of the Greens is very touching, no doubt; but we do not think it would have been less so if there had been less said of it. 'The Revolt of the Tartars' is, no doubt, a triumph of imaginative amplification, but such a triumph has too much of the *tour de force*. We do not know that it is quite fair to say the same of the 'Spanish Nun.' Mr. Masson has shown very interestingly how the paper was to all appearance spun out of and sometimes very close spun to the *Deux Mondes* original of a forgotten essayist published just before. The fire, the quaintness, the 'go' of the piece in a man then far advanced in life are wonderful; and we have known not despicable judges who set this above everything of its kind in De Quincey's works. The 'noble old crocodile,' Catalina's papa, is not very amusing—at least, we should find him more so if there were less of him; and the little touches of slang of which De Quincey is so liberal remind one something too much of the attempts of schoolmasters to be genial and boyish. But in few of the essays are these faults less disagreeable, and in none of them is De Quincey's faculty of what may be called imaginative appreciation—of taking a subject into his mind and converting it into a sort of literary dream of his own—more marked and more surprising. 'The English Mail-Coach' is, of course, another candidate for the primacy, and there are many people who think 'the glory of motion' the finest example of De Quincey's peculiar style. This, too, is a very late production, and it perhaps owes some at least of its almost bewildering variety and involution of subject to the thickening memories of years which had to find vent in these last astonishing deliverances of De Quincey's. Certainly no more intricate, if few more delightfully written, impeaches have ever issued from any brain.—*The Saturday Review*.

THE NEW HANNAH MORE.—Hannah More's long life seemed to unite three generations. She soothed the declining years of Johnson, was the right hand of Wilberforce or the antagonist of Tom Paine, and directed the clever boyhood of Tom Macaulay. So, too, her career falls into three portions. In the first, she was a brilliant woman of society, a playwright, a mistress of the art of clever versification; in the second, an animated and vigorous writer, from the Puritanic point of view, on moral and religious subjects; in the third, a practical and indefatigable philanthropist. Miss Yonge gives [in the *Eminent Women Series*] an admirable sketch of the London world of letters into which, by some magical 'Open, sesamé,' the young *débutante* was at once admitted. Under her genial touch the terrible bogey of Mrs. Hannah More disappears. In its place stands a pretty, vivacious, witty woman, who turned the heads of the literary world of London to forget her own heartache. It is true that the earnest, womanly piety of Hannah More is always conspicuous even in the height of her social distractions. One Sunday evening at the Garricks', when music was talked of, Garrick turned to her and said, 'Nine' (his pet name for her), 'you are a Sunday woman; retire to your room; I will recall you when the music is over.' But, on the other hand, she abandoned the delights of the theatre and of dramatic writing from grief at the death of Garrick and not in an access of Puritanic strictness. No doubt the loss of Garrick, Johnson, and others among her London friends, together with the thoughtfulness born of advancing years, intensified her religious feelings.—*The Athenæum*.

### Notes

MORTON MCMICHAEL, third, and Richard Harding Davis—elder son of Mr. L. Clarke Davis, editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and Rebecca Harding Davis—are about to begin the publication in Philadelphia of an illustrated weekly paper to be called *The Stage*. They promise to present therein the brightest and freshest news relating to the dramatic profession in America and Europe; amusing interviews and clever sketches; plots of important new plays; special articles, original and selected, on theatrical topics; crisp comments, and absolutely independent opinions.

—Two other new magazines are projected for this autumn. One, yecept *The American Queen*, to appear this month in Boston, will be an illustrated society journal for women. It is to contain seventy-two pages, and will be published by Rand Avery Co. The other new venture, to be issued in this city, will be edited by Marion Harland, with Christine Terhune Herrick and Grace Peckham, M.D., as associates. *The Home-maker* will be its name. The magazine is to be illustrated, and contain 120 pages. Rose Terry Cooke, Olive Thorne Miller, and Harriet Prescott Spofford will write for the first number.

—'The City of a Prince,' an article in two parts which opens the October *Magazine of American History*, does not suggest a native subject; yet it relates the story of the 'founding of the city of New Braunfels in Texas, by Prince Solms, the Lord of Braunfels, a cousin of Queen Victoria.' And the author's name, Lee C. Harby, does not suggest her sex, though it is not a *nom de plume*.

—Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was nominated for Congress last Tuesday by the Democrats of the Massachusetts Fifth District. The contest promises to be an interesting one, as Gen. Banks is the Republican nominee. In case of the election of Col. Higginson, a distinguished *littérateur*, as well as a man of fearless spirit and the highest character, will be added to the Congressional lists. The Fifth District includes the town of Cambridge, and the moral influence of Harvard College will be cast in favor of the Democratic candidate. Mayor Russell of Cambridge is the Democratic candidate for Governor.

—'Loveday' is the title of a new book which Amélie Rives is at work upon. 'It is just based in a way,' she says, 'on a custom there is in Virginia of giving to a daughter the family name when there is no son to take it.' Miss Rives is to spend the winter in Paris studying drawing, and hopes to illustrate some of her own stories in the future.

—Harper & Bros. will issue immediately Edwards Roberts's 'Shoshone, and Other Western Wonders,' the preface of which is to be written by Charles Francis Adams.

—Mrs. Humphry Ward, in whose first name writers or printers persistently insert an *e*, is pictured as a slight woman, with a colorless face, dark hair placidly arranged about her head, a prominent nose and small but piercing black eyes. She has written since 'Robert Elsmere' a critical estimate of Mrs. Browning, and is now completing another novel for her publishers, at a much higher price than she got for her former work.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* cables that Octave Feuillet has just buried his only son, a young man of thirty, who leaves a widow and two children. The greatest sympathy is expressed for the distinguished author, who is not only overcome by grief, but is so ill himself that much uneasiness is felt concerning his recovery.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. announce a new edition of the 'United States Dispensatory.' The work has been rewritten, and nearly 800 pages added to it.

—Mr. Joel Benton sends us a modest disclaimer of the 'pungent paragraph from *The Epoch*,' entitled 'Emerson's Audacious Affirmations,' which was attributed to him in our column of Current Criticism a fortnight since. Simply on internal evidence he suggests 'another J. B.'—John Burroughs, namely—as the author; and he is right. Mr. Benton has written excellently of Emerson, but not so recently as this.

—Chas. Scribner's Sons have ready a third edition of 'Corea, the Hermit Nation,' by Dr. William E. Griffis.

—The October number of the Camelot series will be 'Fairy-Tales and Folk-Lore of the Irish Peasantry,' selected and edited by W. B. Yeats. Of the Canterbury Poets, the next issue will be 'Chaucer,' edited by Frederick Noël Paton.

—There is said to be a strong disposition abroad to regard as genuine the extracts from the diary of the late Emperor Frederick recently published in the *Rundschau*, notwithstanding Bismarck's attempt to discredit them. They put the writer in a very favorable light, showing him to have foreseen the advisability of the German Empire when his father and even Bismarck regarded it as practically out of the question. Frederick exposes the double dealing of Napoleon III. in a way that will greatly lessen British regard for that ruler.

—Above the pew where she worshipped in Christ Church, Hartford, has just been placed an alabaster tablet in memory of Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney, who died in 1865. The tablet cost \$500. It is over twenty years since the raising of this sum of money for a monument to Mrs. Sigourney was begun. The contributors are now all dead except two, and one of these is in Paris. When Mr. Whittier was informed of the project for a tablet he wrote: 'I knew Mrs. Sigourney well when, as a boy, I came to Hartford. Her kindness to the young rustic stranger I shall never forget.' For this tablet Mr. Whittier composed the following lines:

She sang alone, ere womanhood had known  
The gift of song which fills the air to-day;  
Tender and sweet, a music all her own  
May fitly linger where she knelt to pray.

—Trübner & Co. have nearly ready Sir Edwin Arnold's 'With Sa'di in the Garden; or, The Book of Love,' being the 'Ishk' or third chapter of the Bostân of the Persian poet.



—M. Coquelin is on his way hither from Buenos Ayres, and will not return to France till May, 1889. The subscription sale of seats for the Coquelin-Hading season at Wallack's (commencing Oct. 8) began last Monday and will continue till next Monday noon (Oct. 1). There will be eighteen evening and two matinée performances, and the repertoire will include 'Le Médecin Magnatin,' 'Joie Fait Peur,' 'Le Maître de Forges,' 'L'Aventurière,' 'Gringoire,' 'Les Précieuses Ridicules,' 'Les Surprises du Divorce,' 'Jean Marie,' 'Les Disputes des Bourbignacs,' 'Mlle. de Seglière,' 'Tartuffe,' 'Frou Frou,' 'L'Etrangère,' 'Chamillac,' 'Danise,' and 'Les Pattes de Mouche.'

—To protect their property in this country, Gilbert and Sullivan have sent for Mr. Joseph H. Wadsworth, a Boston composer, to come to London and arrange a vocal and piano-forte copy of their new opera from the orchestral score. It does seem hard that our copyright laws are so badly framed that a composer cannot write his own music.

—'Wit and Humor: their Use and Abuse' is the title of a book by Dr. William Mathews, announced by S. C. Griggs & Co.

—D. C. Heath & Co. are about to issue Goethe's 'Torquato Tasso,' edited by Prof. Calvin Thomas of the University of Michigan, and an edition of Freytag's 'Die Journalisten,' edited by Prof. Walter D. Toy of the University of North Carolina.

—The Rev. Silas T. Rand, of Huntsport, Nova Scotia, will shortly publish a Latin hymnal, made up of translations from about 100 of the most popular English hymns and constructed according to modern methods of rhyme and rhythm. The English lines will be printed facing the Latin.

—The Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke left an estate of \$30,000.

—The Life of Crabbe, by T. E. Kebbel, will follow Precentor Venable's 'Bunyan,' which has just appeared in the Great Writers Series.

—The five houses in which Hawthorne lived in Salem are still standing, and are said by one who has recently visited them to be in a good state of preservation. The one which is of greatest interest to visitors is, of course, the romancer's birthplace, which is sought out by hundreds of people every year. It is occupied by the family of a mechanic, who, being a New England mechanic, probably is well read in Hawthorne's writings.

—The following note, which explains itself, appears in the London *Athenaeum* of Sept. 15 over the signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell:

Will you allow us space for a few words in answer to Mr. Black's remarks in *The Athenaeum* for September 1st on the first paper of 'Our Journey to the Hebrides,' published in the September *Harper's*? Of Mr. Black's criticisms we say nothing. Our impressions of the country were at least *bonâ fide* impressions. Where facts have been questioned our second article will be the best explanation. But as Mr. Black fears the public will think him responsible for our Scotch journey, may we explain that it was entirely the suggestion of the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and was in no way influenced by Mr. Black? If one of us called on him in Oban, it was not to ask for advice, but on a matter of business connected with the magazine. The text of the article was cut down by the editor in New York for magazine purposes. Otherwise I think it would have been clear that when we, in jest, said it seemed as if Mr. Black had brought us to the Hebrides under false pretences, we referred to his writings, and not to Mr. Black personally.

—Mr. Wilkie Collins's last story, 'The Legacy of Cain,' will be issued presently.

—Among Ticknor & Co.'s announcements of new books and new editions for the autumn are an *édition de luxe* of Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women'; the 'Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles,' translated and edited by Felix Moscheles; 'Four Years with the Army of the Potomac,' by Major-Gen. Regis de Trobriand; 'The Other Side of War,' by Katherine Prescott Wormeley; 'Pen and Powder,' by Franc B. Wilkie of the *Chicago Times*; 'Western China: a Journey to the Great Buddhist Centre of Mount Omei,' by the Rev. Virgil C. Hart; the Ticknor Series of Pocket Poets in seven volumes ('Lucile,' 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'Marmion,' 'The Princess,' 'Enoch Arden' and 'Childe Harold'); 'Better Times,' by the author of 'The Story of Margaret Kent'; 'Young Maids and Old,' by Clara Louise Burnham; 'The Philistines,' by Arlo Bates; 'A Man Story,' by E. W. Howe, author of 'The Story of a Country Town'; 'Steadfast,' by Rose Terry Cooke; 'Safe Building,' by Louis de Coppet Berg; 'Ancient and Modern Light-Houses,' by Major D. P. Heap; 'Songs and Ballads of the Old Plantation,' by Joel Chandler Harris and Eli Shephard; 'A New Volume of Essays,' by E. P. Whipple; 'Stories and Sketches,' by John Boyle O'Reilly; 'Fagots for the Fireside,' by Lucretia P. Hale; 'The Youngest Miss Lorton, and Other Stories,' by Nora Perry; 'Recol-

lections of a Drummer Boy,' by the Rev. Harry M. Kieffer; and 'Marching Through Georgia,' 'Nelly Was a Lady,' and 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' each issued in an illustrated volume.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### ANSWERS

No. 1351.—2. The lines beginning, 'Favored in their lot are they,' are by Southey.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

C. H. P.

No. 1375.—1. Addison's 'Cato.' 2. Dr. Holmes's 'Prologue.' 3. Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound,' about 400th line. 5. 'Much Ado about Nothing,' Act III., Scene V.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

K. S.

No. 1379.—Lowell's sonnet to A. C. L. 3. Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' 4. Keats's 'Lamia.' 5. Keats's 'Endymion.'

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

K. S.

No. 1387.—Cardellac the Jeweller was published, not in *Blackwood's*, but in *The Democratic Review*, Vol. XIII., Aug., 1843. The sub-title reads: 'A tale from the German of Hoffman, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet.' It is a condensed version of Hoffmann's 'Das Fräulein von Scuderi,' one of the stories of 'Die Serapions-Brüder.' 'Weird Tales,' translated by J. T. Bealby, was published, I think, in 1884. Several other translations of this tale have also been made.

NEWPORT, R. I.

R. B.

No. 1391.—1. Whittier. 2. Tennyson's 'The Miller's Daughter.' 3. Bryant.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

C. H. P.

No. 1399.—The story written by Poe to which Mrs. Harrison doubtless refers, and the name of which 'W. M. G.' asks for, is entitled 'The Pit and the Pendulum.' It may be found in Widdleton's edition of Poe's works, Vol. I., p. 310. The contraction of the red-hot walls of the prison-chamber forcing the prisoner to a yawning abyss in its centre is the last torture to which he is subjected. But just as he is about to be precipitated into the abyss, the *Deus ex machina* intervenes. The French enter Toledo, the fiery walls rush back, and he is rescued from his awful fate by the hand of General Lasalle!

FAIRPORT, N. Y.

J. L. C.

[This question is answered also by H. M., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. H., St. Denis, Md.; H. R. D., Rutland, Vt.; and M. G., and J. B. C., New York.]

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Allen, G. The Devil's Die. 25c.....	Chicago: T. S. Denison.
Ascham, R. The Schoolmaster. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Cobbe, F. P. Broken Lights. 50c.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Cobbe, F. P. Religious Duty. 50c.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Day, R. E. Poems.....	Cassell & Co.
Douglas, A. M. A Modern Adam and Eve in a Garden.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Dunn, J. P. Indiana. \$1.25.....	Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Farrar, C. A. J. Up the North Branch.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Forum, The. Vol. V. March-August, 1888.....	Forum Pub. Co.
Hartner, E. Pythia's Pupils. \$1.25.....	Geo. Routledge & Sons.
Hoitt, J. B. Excellent Quotations for Home and School.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Hook, S. L. Little People. \$1.50.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Hugo, V. History of a Crime. 4 vols. \$3.....	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Hunt, L. The Whishing-Cap Papers. 50c.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Ibsen, H. The Pillars of Society, etc.....	T. Whitaker.
Jerrold, D. Fireside Saints. 50c.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Kirkland, J. The McVeys. \$1.25.....	Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Lathrop, G. P. Gettysburg: A Battle Ode.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Manton, W. P. Primary Methods in Zoology Teaching.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Marlit, E. The Owl's Nest. Tr. by A. L. Wister. \$1.25.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott.
May, W. W. Marine Painting.....	Cassell & Co.
Mrs. Partington's Mother Goose's Melodies.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Payson, E. Law of Equivalents. \$2.....	Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Pollard, J. History of the Old Testament in Words of One Syllable. \$1.....	Geo. Routledge & Sons.
Pollard, J. History of the New Testament in Words of One Syllable. \$1.....	Geo. Routledge & Sons.
Songs for Our Darlings.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Southey, R. Poems.....	T. Whitaker.
Stearns, W. A. Wrecked on Labrador. \$1.50.....	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Stockton, F. R. Amos Kilbright, with Other Stories. \$1.25.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Tunison, F. E. Presto! From the Singing-School to the Cincinnati May Festival. \$1.....	Cinn.: Robt. Clarke & Co.
Valrose, Viscount. Hon. Uncle Sam. 50c.....	John Delay.
Venables, E. Life of Bunyan. 40c.....	T. Whitaker.
Willett, E. The Search for the Star. \$1.25.....	T. Y. Crowell & Co.

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